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Holt County Sentinel.

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ORATION,
Delivered at Oregon, Mo., July 4th 1865.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. CUMMINS.

[CONCLUDED.]

But as its sulphurous clouds rolled away, and its sanguinary struggle settled down into the calm of peace, a new condition of things became apparent that seemed scarcely less to be dreaded than the wasting ravages of war; that freedom which had been so ardently sought, by jeopardizing both fortune and person, had indeed been gained, but with it came other guests, unbidden and unwelcome, that marred the picture of prosperity that our fathers had hoped to realize immediately on the close of hostilities; a depleted treasury must now be reimbursed by a more thorough system of revenue; and a minute and indiscriminate taxation must be resorted to, in order to infuse new life and energy into the dormant powers of an infant nation; society itself in all its various functions, had gone back full a quarter century under the tremendous shock of conflict, and had no resources of recuperative civilization, save in the hardhood and ambition of the people. But that spirit which, against the warnings of the Old World's sages, and a mighty odds of additional opposition, had achieved a splendid emancipation from British thralldom, was not now to be subdued by the inaction of peace, nor even deterred from its future enterprises and developments, by financial straits and social retrogrades. This government had not been born in an earthquake and fostered amid the clash and clang and stormy scenes of a protracted war, to be frightened by the difficulties that ever attend the readjustments and re-articulations of a shattered people, at the hand of the civil and legislative powers. The great idea of Republicanism was still in process of evolution, and was thus gradually revolving into the view of its patrons, the detail of expedients, that could be safely adopted as conducive to the ultimate success of the nation. There was in the very conception of such a governmental fabric an inhering life and power that would throw it triumphantly against and over every obstacle, and work out in its own behalf a glorious and sublime ultimatum; for wherever and whenever eternal principles are interwoven and cemented into the foundation, there and then the superstructure will stand like an immovable rock, in the very midst of contending elements, and laugh at their empty endeavors at its destruction. So that however dark at this time, was the future prospect, and however carefully transatlantic statesmen had cast our horoscope, a free government, whose foundations were laid deep and wide in eternal justice, and baptised in the precious blood of her noble and patriotic sons, with millions of broad and fertile acres and thousands of miles of coast, could not but flourish and grow, while others founded on a different basis would crumble and totter and fall. So solid, so compact, so durable had been the base-work, so exact, so perfect, so broad had been the anticipations, that in but little more than four score years the rudimental germ of seventy-six, had expanded into a mighty nation; surpassing in the grandeur of her achievements the loftiest expectations of her most sanguine founders, and eclipsing in the brilliance of her splendor, the proudest monarchies on earth. She had taken her place among her fellows not merely in respect of having become a valid reality, but in every respect that could possibly give significance to her manifold operations and tone to her national character. Institutions of learning had been scattered far and wide over her boundless extent of country, and under their evoking influence we had become an intellectual people, thoroughly educated and nobly prepared for self-government; civilization had advanced with gigantic stride; and the jostling interests that characterized the older colonial day had subsided into one supreme and universal desire—the good of one whole, great family, bound in unison by those endearing relations which the genius of free institutions ever awakes among a noble people; our national banner floated proudly on every sea, our ships of commerce were to be seen in almost every foreign harbor; the deep, sullen jar of our countless factories, rolling sublimely over the dale, the din and bustle of our great cities, thundered over the land, and an utterance that could not be taken—an eloquence that could

not be resisted, that we were a living acting nation, moving with stately majesty through the channel of great industry, toward the certain realization of greatest excellence. Cast your eye whithersoever you would, you might stretch line after line of iron road, stretching like huge belts over the loftiest hills and mountains, through dark, winding valleys, and thick, gloomy forests, spanning wide extended plains, leaping over fearful chasms, binding together the most distant extremes, bearing from town to town, from city to city, and from metropolis to metropolis, the staple articles of her domestic skill, the richest and rarest productions of her varied climes.

But why should we pause to individualize the reforms of American liberty, or attempt to recount the benefits of its manifold achievements? What finite mind can comprehend the vastness of her influence, or who can array in appropriate language, a description of the thousands on thousands of avenues into whose gloomy recesses, it has thrown the effulgence of its life-giving beams? Is it then not enough to say that this superb machinery of State, when viewed in regard to the idea that pervades and animates it, was in perfect harmony throughout all its many and intricate attachments? And may we not feel assured, from this fact alone, that it was working out with Titanic strength the great end for which human governments are constituted, (the highest civilization of the governed,) and that its sublime manipulations were bringing into the clear sunlight of experience, the great fact that the republican form is the true embodiment of the ideal government, and that, such alone, of all the varieties of government is competent to outlive every difficulty, and ultimately to bring the whole world under its salutary mode of dispensing human justice. Well may the poet, contemplating achievements past, (or attained,) and certain prospects of a still more glorious future, break forth in this sublimely expressive song:

"Sail on, sail on, thou ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless on thy fate;
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, each sail, each rope,
What anvil rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

But ah! this gorgeous embodiment, of still more gorgeous hopes, if sung to-day in the additional light of history, is grievously marred; our peace and prosperity have been suddenly overshadowed with clouds; our nation has once more heard the dreadful call "To arms;" once more our beloved country has felt the shock of war—the worst of wars—a contest between brothers on the awful field of blood. We, my fellow citizens, have witnessed the proud, old ship of State, involved in a mighty storm; we have seen her tossed like a toy, as an imponderable trifle, on the terrible billows of the wrath and vengeance of the Almighty; we have watched her career with deep and earnest solicitude, for we felt, that in her bosom, and dependent on her fate, she bore the precious cargo of our nationality—the lives and liberties, THE ALL, both of ourselves and our children. To-day, while we recount those immortal deeds that culminated in our national independence, and yield up our whole hearts in thankfulness and rejoicing, there steals a heavy sadness over us; occasion that may not be lightly set aside; all are not here that used to meet with us and mingle with ours the incense of their deepest and most grateful emotions; No, my fellow-citizens, they are not here; the martyrs of the great American rebellion are gone; they sleep forever in patriot graves; and to-day, a nation sanctified and perpetuated by their precious blood, praises the heroism of their sacrifice, and mourns with a mother's tenderness, their irreparable loss.

Do you ask a reason for so costly an offering? Do you wonder whence and wherefore was this effusion of blood? Would you know why your fathers and

husbands, your brothers and your sons were immolated on the altar of their country and ours? If so, you find the answer, the reason, written in the dark scroll of our national sins. We had practically forgotten as a nation that He, who in answer to the prayers, and tears, and sufferings of our fathers, had given to them, and to us, this best of earthly governments, was king over nations the same as over individual men; and would neither give His glory to another, nor suffer tyrants, who would usurp this prerogative if they could, to trample beneath their unhalloved feet, that creature, (black or white,) in whom He had enshrined His image, and on whom He had conferred every noble privilege. We (because we allowed and cherished the enormous sin of slavery) had become a nation of oppressors, living at ease on the labor and toil of others, who were driven like brutes to their daily routine, without remuneration and without hope of mercy. Great God, what an institution! Human slavery! Men without rights! Men without liberty! Freemen by creation, made slaves by a free government! Think you, my fellow citizens, we could prosper forever with such dark sin lurking in the national heart, and poisoning the generous streams that should flow out thence to gladden every creature within the compass of its influence? Think you the vengeance of a just and jealous God could slumber longer, while the wailing and suffering of millions of his rational creatures, pierced like a mighty prayer the ear of his compassion, and moved his anger against us? Think you a nation with such awful guilt, though righteous in every other regard, (which she was not,) could longer escape the doom that ever impends its terrible threatenings over the least as well as the greatest of crimes? No, you answer, such things could not be; such expectations are vain, founded on a wrong and presumptuous view of divine goodness. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord." Yes that vengeance has come, enthroned on fiery chariot, whose seething wheels rolled in the blood of our kinsmen, and spread devastation and mourning over the land, cast your eyes over the countenance of this once glorious and beautiful country, and see what a picture it presents: where peace and joy once reigned in all their sweetness and harmony, wretchedness and sadness sit like gloomy spectres brooding over terrible tragedies. Death, at bloody hands, has claimed a sacrificial victim in every household, from the executive mansion to the meanest hamlet in the land. The sunniest portion of our dominion has become one vast cemetery, in which are deposited the mortal of dead heroes, who fell in defence of the right, nobly fighting for God and a country of universal freedom. Their hallowed dust now mingles with the soil so often moistened with the tears of slaves; and God grant, that under the regenerating influence of such priceless fertilizers, that soil may be redeemed of its former curse, and that the new generation that derives thence its bread, may imbibe from that bread the spirit their rebel fathers lost and losing sunk to traitors' graves. But the ordeal is past; God has cast His account against, and collected it from, the nation; He has taken us, North and South, in His terrible hands and shaken the Devil out of us—I hope, forever. We have come forth from the calamity of war, not unscathed and unscourged, but humbled and emptied of our greatness sin. Like silver from the refiners fire, our nation has come out better, fairer, purer. To-day she stands firmer than the "Seven Hill City" of the Old World, on the eternal basis of equal rights, and admiring nations sing the noble triumph of Loyalty over Treason—of Republicanism over Despotism.

What a prospect now opens up to the view of this nation; what a glorious march will she not make, on the mighty plain of excellence that stretches onward through the vista of coming years? If here-before her progress in national greatness has distanced the swiftest competitors in the race, who can calculate her position when the next decade shall have ended? If here-before she shone as a star among the nations of the earth, now, and ever more she shall shine as a sun, self-effulgent and self-moving.

Our own State too, will share the glory of the whole constellation of States that circle round this central source of life—this sovereign sun—this supreme Union; our vast resources must now be evoked; the mighty clog on the

wheel of progress has fallen off; we as a State, will take a place never before occupied by any sister of the Republic. Missouri has the location, and within her own fertile dominions, she has the material to place her first and foremost in the nation.

Once more let me say, that the instrumentality which gained our present absorption from the national sin of slavery, and our present victory over armed treason, and these bright prospects of future greatness, was the self-sacrifice, the patriotism, the courage of the "Boys in Blue." Calls for "Three hundred thousand more;" an inhuman foe, marches, privations, and death, could not swerve them from the path of duty and honor. All honor is due the soldier, and especially the private soldier, because he it was who bared his bosom to the bullets of the enemy, without considerable pay, and without hope of personal fame. Soldiers, you have stood between our homes and certain ruin; you have received the traitors' blow on your own noble bosoms, and we can never remunerate you. All that we can do, is to esteem you most honorable of men, and to tender you our most grateful thanks for your sacrifice. God only can sufficiently reward you for your noble deeds in the service of your country, which service we think was rendered in the cause of humanity and of God. Rest assured that you will never want amid the abundance of ours and posterity's gratitude, for the comforts and consolations that you so richly deserve. What we have, we owe to you, and ought ever to be at your reasonable disposal. One thing, at least, is certain, the institutions of freedom, whose birth and preservation have become the theme of the Fourth of July, will henceforth be celebrated, not in the name of a remote, though illustrious ancestry alone, but in your names, our proximate fathers, and brothers, and sons.

The Scheme to Murder President Lincoln.

Some time last winter we published a copy of the following infamous advertisement, which had appeared in the columns of the Selma (Ala.) Advertiser:

ONE MILLION DOLLARS WANTED, TO HAVE PEACE BY THE 1ST OF MARCH.—If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me the cash, or good security for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward and Andrew Johnson, to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a land of liberty. If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in advance, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and slaughter the three villains.

I will give, myself, one thousand dollars towards this patriotic purpose. Every one willing to contribute will address Box X, Cahaba, Alabama. X. December 1, 1864.

After the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempted assassination of President Johnson, Secretary Seward, Secretary Stanton, Lieutenant General Grant, and others, we referred to the matter again as an evidence of the extensive plottings and desperate diabolism of the traitors of the South, who were striving to murder the nation.

The authority of that vile advertisement has been arrested, and this morning he arrived in this city, having been brought from New Orleans in charge of Captain McHaffey, of the 1st United States Infantry. His name is Gayle, a lawyer, belonging in Cahaba, Ala., ten miles distant from Selma. Gayle is a tall, raw-boned individual, coarse features, well bronzed with the Southern climate. He is dressed in light grey pants, butternut-colored coat, over which is a linen garment, and wears a well-battered black stove-pipe hat. Mr. Gayle appears to be about forty-five years of age, and has grey, hawk-like eyes, with strongly marked "crow's-feet" in their corners, give him the appearance of a shrewd, cold-blooded rascal.

He says it is his intention to secure the services of Hon. Reverdy Johnson and James T. Brady for his defense. To passengers on the steamer, he admitted that he carried the advertisement to the Selma papers, but also made the absurd statement that he did it in sport—for the sake of playing a joke upon the community.

Gayle was accompanied by two printers from Selma, who will appear as witnesses on his trial.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREEN AND BLUE MUSLIN DRESSES.
—Six cents' worth of sugar of lead put in the water the first time green or blue muslin dresses are washed, will prevent the color from coming out. It will not be required afterward. The water should be thrown away as soon as it has been used, it being strongly poisonous.

PICKLING.—Put fresh cucumbers, as soon as they are picked from the vine, into weak brine, boiling hot, and let them remain twenty-four hours. They should be taken out and put into the vessel in which they are to be kept, and vinegar, boiling hot, poured upon them, sufficient to cover them. In five days' time the pickles will be fit for use.

A NEW WAY TO KILL RATS.—A correspondent proposes a new way to kill rats. His own house being overrun by the vermin, a servant girl, who had seen the effects of "old Bourbon whiskey on bipeds, thought she would try an experiment on the rats. Accordingly she took a small quantity, made it very sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously "fuddled," engaged in throwing potato parings and hauling one another up to drink. They were easily disposed of, those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering with a severe headache. It is said the medicine is quite agreeable to take. [Schenectady Star.

Tea as a Summer Drink.

Frederic Sala, writing from Russia to the Household Words, mentions that on a table near him stands "a largish tumbler filled with steaming liquid of a golden color, in which floats a thin slice of lemon. It is tea; the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can find in the summer time, and in Russia." Tea flavored with the slice of lemon we have never tried, neither are we prepared to recommend as a summer beverage, tea steaming hot, as Sala does. But tea made strong, (as we like it or as you like it) well sweetened, with good milk, or better, cream, in it, in sufficient quantity to give it a dark yellow color, and the whole mixture cooled in an ice chest to the temperature of ice water, is "the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink," we have ever treated ourselves or our friends to. We know of nothing to compare with it for deliciousness or refreshment. It cheers but not inebriates. Its stimulus is gentle, its flavor exquisite.

Scalds and Burns.

On the instant of the accident plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allows all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover it over with dry flour an inch deep or more. In both cases pain ceases because the air is excluded. In many instances nothing more will be needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In severe cases, while the part injured is under water, immerse a leek or two in an earthen vessel, with half their bulk of hog's lard, until the leeks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish colored ointment, which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth and apply to the injured part. If there are blisters, let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable, renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be the result, if the patient in the meanwhile, lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread, and other light, loosening food.

If the scald or burn is not very severe—that is, if it is not deeper than the outer skin—an ointment made of sulphur, with lard enough to make it spread stiffly on a linen rag, will be effectual. The leek ointment is most needed when there is ulceration from neglected burns, or when the injury is deeper than the surface. As this ointment is very healing and soothing in the troublesome excoriations of children, and also in foul indolent ulcers, and is said to be efficacious in modifying, or preventing altogether, the pitting of small-pox. It would answer a good purpose if families were to keep it on hand for emergencies—the sulphur ointment for moderate cases, and the leek ointment in those of greater severity, or of a deeper nature. [Hall's Journal of Health.